

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JUNE 25, 1887.

[NUMBER 17.]

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Prof. RICHARD A. PROCTOR says of Doctor Janes' "Study of Primitive Christianity," in a recent two column review in *Knowledge*, (London, England): "Readers of *Knowledge* will find much to interest them in Mr. Janes' excellent, carefully thought out, and well-written treatise. He presents much of the evidence to which we have directed the reader's attention, not having here had space fully to consider it. He has also collected much matter on which, in our treatment of the subject, we have not hitherto touched. . . . The subject of the origin and progress of Christianity is very fully and ably considered. Mr. Janes admits as genuine much more of the specifically historical matter in the synoptic Gospels than we can for our part accept. But he gives his reasons, and shows how he has weighed them: he does not mislead by dogmatic assertions. [Cloth, crown 8vo., gilt top, \$1.50.]

AN aged man, a physician in a far southern state,—of whom we know nothing except that he ordered a copy of the book,—writes: "I have read with delight the little book, 'Uplifts of Heart and Will.' I am now nearly 62 years of age, and have lived a lonely life as regards the satisfying of my religious aspirations. Your little book fills a void in my soul's loneliness which I have suffered for more than 40 years."

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EDITORIAL.

IN the death of Hannah E. Stevenson, the venerable friend and fellow-worker of Theodore Parker, the world has lost a soul endowed with a great capacity for friendship and helpfulness. We hope in due time to speak in these columns a more deliberate word of appreciation and gratitude. Meanwhile we mourn with many a spirit released from body; a noble life nobly rounded out.

THE latest Unitarian papers from London are full of their Anniversaries, which seem to have been characterized by as much heartiness, helpfulness and forward-looking cheer as those recently held on this side of the water at Chicago and Boston. Our American fellow-worker, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, was there to enter into the English joys. At the "Soiree" he made a speech on Unitarian affairs in America, so eloquent that the *Inquirer* refrained from printing extracts, because "next week it is to be printed in full."

THE Secretary will tell next week the story of the Illinois Conference held at Buda. But there is no hope that any of us can get into type the serenity, heartiness and beauty of that occasion. The west, let it be known, has at least one patriarch, who for years has labored in one place and for one people, and now as a matter of course his word is a blessing, his smile a benediction. He preaches when silent and works when his hands are idle. His slow, modest but sure success ought to shame his younger brethren out of their hasty honors and easy triumphs, the celebrity that is a sensation to-day and a depression to-morrow.

FROM one of the dailies we learn that in a city where women have been placed on the school board the janitors complain that they abuse their power by "nosing" about the basements, ferreting out unwholesome odors and demanding a general purification of premises. As might have been expected! Woman has so long wielded the broom and scrub-brush that she will inevitably carry them into office with her. As has been so often prognosticated she will be the death of our present political system if allowed equal political rights and privileges. Only think of going into a justice office denuded of its halo of smoke and its spatterwork floor! Or into a police court all washed and shorn of impious expletives! How can the car of progress be stayed in its onward march?

THE season for vacation draws on apace. The months in which Nature is most busy, if indeed there are any degrees in her ceaseless activities, are being set aside more and more for rest and recreation, by those who can take them. School-houses will soon be locked, children will have long play days, teachers will unwind the tension keys and sink into inactivity, the lawyer will try to neglect his brief, the business man his trade, and sleep rather than sermons will be the end and aim of the minister. This is well, it is true economy. In all this the rush will be for water. A lake, a bay, a river, the ocean beach, or at least a bubbling spring, is a vacation necessity. Let it be remembered, however, that water has other uses than boating, bathing and fishing, and that the most successful fishing is that done without rod or line, leaving the fish in his beauty and his joy. Emerson saw the universe orbbed in a dew-drop; life is reflected ever in water, there is in it that which ought to awake the poet in every soul. Water in a crystal vase, water in which the laughing babe splashes, water in the

old oaken bucket or in the quiet river, water in the yeasty foam of old ocean, or in the humble blessedness of the rain, is always beautiful, always spiritual; its symbolism is always of heaven. Cleared of its superstition and its formalism, baptism, water baptism, is one of the most beautiful, persistent and universal symbols of religion. May then the rain ever lead us to think more lovingly and naturally of that well of water that springeth into everlasting life; drinking from this well of truth and love allays forever the thirst of the passion that is selfish and the power that is cruel.

THE *New Theology Herald* brings us the programme of the Lakeside School of New Theology from August 5th to August 21st. The opening sermon, Friday, August 5th, is by the editor of the *New Theology Herald*, Rev. J. G. Townsend. On Saturday there is to be a paper by our Doctor Thomas; Professor Carey, of Meadville, will address the school on Monday, August 8th, and Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., and Rev. A. A. Miner, lecture and preach later in the course. A very attractive programme, and with the attractions of Chautauqua Lake added, surely the summer school should be successful as well as profitable.

WEDNESDAY evening of last week was given by the Congregationalists, at their Home Missionary Convention at Saratoga, to the discussion of city evangelization, and a very full report of the discussion is given in this week's *Christian Union*. It seems that a committee was appointed at the meeting of a year ago to take this matter into consideration and present a report and provide for the thorough discussion of the subject at this meeting. From the report of the committee it appears that in no one of the great cities of our country has the increase of churches and of church membership at all kept pace with the increase of population. The committee recommend no new methods, but simply greater zeal in providing churches for churchless wards, gospel services, Sunday-schools, tenement house visitations, etc. Following the report came addresses from the Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., upon The Great City a Great Peril; by Rev. Lyman Abbot, D. D., upon The Great City a Great Opportunity; Rev. J. G. Johnson, D. D., considered the problem of Smaller Towns; Rev. J. H. Seeley, D. D., gave some final suggestions as to method. All of which is well worth reading, since the increase of city life is one of the marked features of the age in which we live, and the decline of interest in churches one of the marked features of city life. But is it not time that some new thought be put into this matter, some new methods proposed? It is a common belief, among the multitude of the unchurched, that the whole difficulty is in the way the churches are conducted, that they might be attractive to all if the people who managed them only wished to make them so. Is this a popular error, or is the church an outworn piece of machinery so far as cities are concerned?

No question in regard to Shakespeare is more complicated, or more fascinating in its many uncertainties, than, "Have we any true portrait of William Shakespeare of Stratford?" The face commonly represented as a picture of Shakespeare is the so-called Chandos portrait, which has no authority reaching farther back than Malone, 1793, who announced that this picture was painted in Shakespeare's life-time. How he knew, or why he thought this to be true, has not transpired. The picture with most authority is the Droeshout engraving, which appeared with the first folio edition of the plays in 1623, accompanied by the famous lines of Ben Jonson testifying as

to its correctness as a likeness. But this probably was made seven years after Shakespeare's death, and if the engraver had anything to copy from except his memory, we feel the greater regret, because the picture is so little worthy of Shakespeare. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine anything more expressionless and wooden than this cut. And yet perhaps we have something even worse in the bust in the Stratford church which, although it represents a noble cranium, gives us a face in which we can take no possible interest. This is said to have been cut by Gerard Johnson, an Amsterdam tomb maker, but who first said this nobody knows. In 1849 came the discovery of the "Becker Death Mask," a plaster cast found in a junk shop in Mayence, and said to have been marked with the date of Shakespeare's death. There is no other link, except this date, connecting it with Shakespeare. We cannot follow the intricacies of the copyings and multiplications of these, and a few other "originals," nor the various theories concerning the portraits. But it seems almost wicked for the author of the little book, "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" to make confusion so much more confounded by inventing connecting links and wonderful discoveries in garrets and pawn shops, to connect a good many of these portraits with one William Shapleigh, wholly fictitious so far as known to this writer.

Sunday Circles.

A CHURCH WITHOUT A MINISTER.

It is time for another step forward in our mission work. The Post-Office Mission is well established now. It is not too much to hope that within ten years the post-office secretary will become as common a church-officer among us as the minister or janitor; that every live church will have a corner of the field assigned it, its chosen paper in which to advertise the offer of the tracts, its winter advertisements promptly in, its tracts and letters circulating, and the \$25 or \$50 to keep the mission going heartily given by the church to whom this mail-bag mission is its Africa and China. And now to start the next thing. It is the Sunday Circle, the Lay Meeting, the Church in a Parlor, the gathering of the six, the twenty, the forty neighbors, who feel unfed at the usual church-tables, and who therefore seldom go to them,—the gathering of these and their children to greet one another of a Sunday morning, to hear a sermon read, to sing some hymns and read together words of prayer and uplift.

"This, every week?" Yes, every week, or, if wiser, every second week,—but *regularly*; a meeting to look forward to, and invite a friend to, and to come to with best clothes on and children at the side, and to take some personal part in besides the listening.

"And this without a minister?" Yes, without a minister. Can six or even twenty neighbors keep a minister in bread and brains? *Without a minister.* The liberal faith must get rid of the idea that a church involves a minister in the sense in which a baby involves a father and a mother. It is the relic of the priest idea. It is intellectual and spiritual laziness to dream that the idea is true. We make much of our congregationalism, and are afraid of anything that may infringe on our right to think as we please,—but we take our rights out in the *thinking*; the Episcopalians are more congregational than we in worship, the Methodists more congregational than we in teaching activities. In *few* churches the laity practically do so little as in our own, and really leave so much to the minister both to regulate and do. Few are really so autocratic or patriarchal in government. *Without a minister*: the new church in which the unchurched liberals of the country will some day begin again to cluster will be the church without a minister, the church which will cost much less effort of their pockets and more effort of their minds. Their pockets want rest, and their minds want more work on Sundays. It is good to have a good pastor: when the circle is large, he is needed. But in many places the circle is not large, and in most places the circle does not exist except potentially in some earnest heart as center, some earnest heart

that begins to wonder how it can draw around itself, and visibly, that possible circumference. Given a simple service and songs in which all join, given a girl at the melodeon or piano, given a noble sermon printed, given a good reader, now one and now another, and given that in the reader which makes the listeners feel it natural he should read noble things aloud,—given this, and all this regularly, and the habit of coming together for this clad in one's best mood and coat and with the children,—given this, and we have a large part of a good pastor. There is many a town and many a country cross-roads where that reader lives,—often three or four of him and five or six of her lives,—never thinking of himself or herself as the quarter or the sixth part of a pastor; never thinking of it because it is so taken for granted that a "church" involves a "minister"—and both a church-begging and a church-debt for the building. Only let those four-fourths and those sixth-sixths find each other out and put themselves together, and in three months, if they choose to, they can have a church. It will be a little one, which is all they need; one, gathering in a parlor or a school-house, and therefore a cheap one costing in money but a trifle, which is all they can afford; but one which it will take *themselves* to make, and which therefore will be a *real* church, and may be a very *live* church in its outgo of influence.

There are two tools which such a liberal church will probably need at the start. One is a service-book containing a hundred hymns set to a few familiar tunes, with some responsive services and prayers. The other is a weekly sermon—a sermon sure to be on hand each week, and sure each time to interest the ten or fifty hearers, and make *them* sure to come next Sunday morning for another; and this means careful selection such as the readers at the cross-roads very likely cannot give. A song and service-book, which perhaps may answer the need, is partly ready in our "Unity Mission Tracts." No. 11, called "Songs of Faith, Hope, Charity," contains fifty of our best loved hymns with eleven printed tunes, and No. 28, called "Love to God and Love to Man," contains about fifty more songs of our faith adapted mostly to the popular revival tunes. A third tract yet to be made is to hold responsive services for reading and singing, and when this is ready, the three can probably be furnished in one cover for fifteen or twenty cents. As to the supply of sermons, cannot some Committee of our Western Conference or Women's Conference select a series of thirty or forty—each one a sure success in interest and inspiration—and have them ready in pamphlet or book form for next winter's use, and advertise in early fall the terms and system of supply?

"What would such a Sunday Circle cost?" The circle has thirty members, we will say, and in each pair of hands is the service book at twenty cents—\$6.00; and for forty Sundays, \$4.00 more should cover all expenses of the sermon-pamphlets and the postage on borrowed books. The best parlor for the purpose is the one where the welcome is the heartiest and everybody is most apt to feel at home; or if no parlor is convenient, the school-house comes free. There is some one in the thirty able, and only too glad that she is able, to be at the parlor-organ every Sunday, rain or shine. There are eight more who agree together that they will open their mouths and sing, and they prepare themselves accordingly—and the result is that pretty nearly all the rest join in. There are three willing to take turns at the reading, and they prepare themselves for that part so as to do it at their best; but practically one does it so much better than the others that it is gradually left to her, while the other two are apt to lead in the fifteen minutes' talk which follows the sermon, and which sometimes proves more helpful than the sermon; three more presently start a little Sunday-school for the children. Nobody charges for any of these things, so the church, including the plant in service-books, would cost but \$10 that first year, except for one reason,—it knows that no church is a church which lives for and by itself, so \$10 more are sent to the Western Conference, and as a church they help in good works in the town with \$30 more. Total cost of this people's church for the year, then, \$50.

The contribution sent to the Western Conference entitles them to delegates, who come back from the meeting in such a glow that when the State Conference holds its summer meeting, one-fifth part of the congregation set off together to attend it, hoping for the same good time there; and they bring back a promise from the State missionary that he will visit them that fall. As the second winter goes by, their circle enlarges a little, and once they hire a hall and pay the traveling expenses of a minister who preaches to a congregation of two hundred; and then they begin to wonder if *next* winter they ought not to give the town *three* such Sundays, and whether, possibly, in time ahead, they could pay their part and have a circuit pastor regularly once a month. All the while the Sunday circle in the parlor meets, more and more the members feel that the meetings count for real good in their lives, and the town is beginning to feel in little ways the influence of a liberal church in its midst.

The above is only in its minor details a dream. Not long ago we were in a small town, near Chicago, where much more than all this has been realized by "a church without a minister."

If we have the figures right, the liberal church in Hobart, Ind., is seventeen or eighteen years old; only three months of this time has it ever had a minister living in the town. Once a month, for some years past, it has had a visit from a helpful minister near by. Another Sunday of the month, the people themselves take charge of the service. But every Sunday, summer or winter, *something* meets. The congregation is the largest, we believe, in town. So is the Sunday-school. And this work has gone steadily on till the town is leavened through and through by the influence spreading from that liberal church—a church without a minister; and more than leavened—shaped and characterized by it. The people of the church talk of their "religious privileges,"—they "would not live in a town without a Unitarian church." The secret mainly lies in those unfailing meetings and in the heart and character of two or three citizens who made them to be unfailing.

It is the next thing to be done in missionary ways,—to develop the Sunday Circle, the Lay Church. The Post-Office Mission leads naturally to it. Let the workers in that Mission aim at this result, and reckon their year's success not merely by the number of tracts sent out and correspondents written to, but rather by the two or the three little churches they have started without ministers. Those would be "mission parishes" worth counting. The Iowa Conference, last year, took the lead in this direction by organizing a "Society of Lay Leaders;" and this last week the Illinois Conference passed the following resolution, which we trust will pass from word into deed, next fall:

Resolved, That the Illinois Conference believes that the next missionary step forward should be the development of the Unity Sunday Circle, the little church cradled in a home parlor before even the hall is reached; believes that this, the next missionary agency to be organized, may become a worthy second to the P. O. Mission.

Resolved, Therefore, that the Conference requests the W. U. C. and the W. W. U. C. to take the matter into their special consideration as a thing to push *this year*; and that a committee to consist of Mr. Covell and two others whom he may select be appointed by the Illinois Conference to carry out the above suggestion as far as possible.

Worship.

The word worship is compounded of two Saxon words, *weorþan*, to be worth or worthy; and *scipe*, state or condition, whence our English termination "*ship*", as in hardship, statesmanship, etc. Worship is, then, *weorþ-scipe*, a state or condition of worthiness.

A state of worthiness! What could be a better expression? It asserts a state of worthiness to be the essence of worship. In the desires we must seek for worthiness; in the hidden tendency, taste, longing, and trust of the heart. It is right, as it is necessary, that all the multiform desires of our nature should have their place and due regard; and because there are some higher and some lower, there is a chance for *un-worthiness*, as well as *worthiness*, of character. A man is judged by

what he wants *most*, what he deems *most* valuable, what he *most* puts trust in and *lives for*. He is worthy who pants less for breath in the efforts of his coarse daily labor than for deeper life and spiritual being; who would not weigh the golden gain of his work against the value of truth and an unspotted honesty; who places his trust in no compromises and equivocations but in simple right; who believes that right is the best policy, and not that the best policy is right; and who, having asked himself the momentous question, "What ought I to live for?" answers that he ought to live for spiritual growth, and really lives for it, and rears his head as much as he can out of earth into heaven, though he may be plunged twelve weary hours of every hard-worked day in cares and labors to procure a scanty subsistence.

This then is that worthiness which is worship, an interior condition, a state of earnestness for the good, of trust in the immutable and true, of longing for grace and strength and inward well-being. So far have our Saxon fathers led us on the way to the understanding of worship. But observation supplies another element, this, namely, that worship is always exercised towards personality. Combine now these elements that we may define worship clearly to the mind. Worship is a state of worthiness in ourselves, and it is an exercise or affection of the soul towards personal Being; uniting these I define as follows: Worship is the soul's homage, veneration, adoration, towards One who is perfectly those things which the soul pronounces most valuable, and for which it lives; to which being, therefore, the soul's desire and living for those things, is a state of worthiness.

And now observe how this view of worship tests the worshiper; with what solemn consequences it affects him. Suppose a selfish, ungenerous, greedy, and untruthful soul, and that soul bowing in prayer to God. What is its true attitude? What is its act? It is an attitude, an act of entreaty; a petition, perhaps, that its greed may be satisfied, and its untruths covered up; this entreaty is commonly called prayer. But how is it with regard to worship? Ah! there is no worship in the act—I mean worship of God. If there were in the universe such a being as the old theologians called Satan, a malicious, selfish, cruel, revengeful, gold-loving, crafty spirit, then selfish or revengeful or gold-loving prayer would be a state of worthiness as towards him; and would not the words utter really a worship of him, though addressed to God. To pray is to ask for what we worship; if we ask for spiritual good, we worship the spiritual Good, that is, God, and our worship is the sure pledge of his answering inspiration; if we ask for outward advantages, we worship some other who does not even exist to answer us. Remember Fichte's words, "We cannot win blessedness, but we may cast away our wretchedness [that is, we may turn from trust in these outward things and from worship of strange gods, and love with our whole soul spiritual good and worship God] and thereupon blessedness will forthwith of itself supply the vacant place. Blessedness is unwavering repose in the One and Eternal; wretchedness is vagrancy amid the manifold and transitory; and therefore the condition of becoming blessed is the return of our love from the many to the One."

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Who Knows?

Do you recall our talk that day?
We sat in the dusky gloom
Of the summer-scented room;
The air was pierced by the thrush's call,
And the light wind's play
Threw the woodbine's shadow along the wall.—
The talk we had,
Half jesting, half sad,
On many a deep and impossible theme,
Of soul and substance, Plato's dream,
The things that are and the things that seem?

Knowledge ungained by sense that fancy lures.
 Sudden—was it miracle or chance?—
 Some careless word of yours,
 And that backward toss of the head,
 That forbids denial in advance,
 Proved that I knew it all before.
 A moment and the vision fled;
 But the words you spoke, the look you wore,
 The woodbine's shadow on the wall,
 And the thrush's mellow call,
 I had somewhere heard and seen it all;
 Though when or how I could not say,
 Since, as you said, we met but yesterday.
 Well, now, suppose
 We were to meet on the other shore,
 Just strangers, perhaps, and nothing more,
 Who knows?
 And our talk should turn on the same old theme
 Of soul and substance, Plato's dream,
 The things that are and the things that seem;
 That there in the spirit-land—
 For once in a way
 Give fancy full sway—
 In the house not made with hand,
 Shadows light
 Of the woodbine's sprite
 Faintly flickered along the wall;
 And you were to say the self-same thing,
 With the same impatient, backward fling
 Of the head—should I not say
 As I did that day,
 All this I have surely heard before;
 Somewhere met, and known you, sir, of yore;
 Have seen, and heard, and known it all
 In some far-off time beyond recall,
 To prove which—listen that thrush's call—
 Then would you smiling answer me Nay,
 And repeat that we met but yesterday?

CELIA P. WOOLEY.

Prohibition: Its Domain.

Here is a man who drinks to excess—who robs his family of the necessities of life that he may yield to his insatiable appetite—who disturbs the peace—who makes himself an annoyance in the community. Is he morally responsible for his action? and what can prohibition do for him?

Let me suggest an answer to this question by asking another. Does his conduct bring upon him any inevitable consequences, any just judgment, so beyond escape that it is manifestly from God? Then has he taken a wrong road, back which he can never *be carried*, but must *climb*, with bitter pain and unflinching courage. Prohibition might bar his path and say: "Thou shalt go no farther in the direction of strong drink!" But a thousand temptations would still lie open to him which he could escape only by his own choice. God *meant* him to choose for *himself* between good and evil, and the puny hand of man can never build the will of another into his character. No law save the Divine has any province here, and the least attempt to punish a drunkard as long as his evil deeds affect his own soul only, is an intrusion between the Creator and His creature. But the moment this creature oversteps the line, and infringes upon the rights of society, of humanity at large, he is answerable to that sense of justice which is constantly being developed in mankind. Human law can properly reach him, and is not the right of his family to eat bread before he drinks whiskey, the right of an orderly citizen to work and worship undisturbed, the right of a lady to walk the street safely, clearly enough defined to justify prohibition in his case?

In the face of the multiplicity of such cases, and the enormity of the evils growing out of them, has society no right to insist that the generations of the future shall come into the world with this awful animal appetite diminished and not increased? Has it no right to say to the liquor dealer, "All

honorable avenues of support are open to you; but no dollar acquired by pandering to the baser nature of man, which tends toward the destruction of the human race, shall ever reach your pocket?" The inordinate love of money itself, the desire for wealth at no matter what cost to the world, is a sin against the community scarcely second to the drink habit. And whenever the sin of an individual against his own soul has developed into a sin against the community, it has entered the domain of prohibition, and may be justly dealt with according to its importance. The largest freedom of each individual, as well as the surest process of the human race lies in this very fact. For prohibition to the *one* means liberty to *many*, and the diverse prohibitions of many make the common liberty of all.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

Satisfied.

When hope grows dim and shadows fall,
 And light seems all denied,
 I turn unto the One in All,
 Rest and am satisfied.

On rugged ways and storm-swept heights,
 My spirit must abide,
 But sees, through all, love's beacon lights—
 Trusts and is satisfied.

And through the clearing mists I hear,
 Far up the mountain side,
 The call, in accents sweet and clear,
 Come and be satisfied.

Above the cloud-rapped mountain top,
 God's love light still abide;
 Before that shrine my spirit stops,
 Glad, happy, satisfied.

The shadows far beneath me lie,
 The storm-clouds roll aside,
 And in the deep sunlighted sky,
 My soul is satisfied.

When angel hands shall lift the veil,
 Disclosing life's full tide,
 Its glory then the stars shall hail,
 Wait and be satisfied.

LOUISE M. DUNNING.

Dedication of the Minneapolis Unitarian Church June 5, 1887.*

Minister: Let us dedicate this House which we have built, to the divine and undying sentiment of the soul, that has raised temples in every age and land, and is the source of all the religions of mankind.

People: We dedicate this as another Temple to the universal and ever-enduring Religion, whose manifold ways make but one worship.

Choir: All nations of men whom Thou hast made,
 Shall raise their worship to Thee, O Lord.

Minister: Let it be consecrated to the worship of the Infinite One, whose "greatness is unsearchable" and beyond highest name or thought, but who dwells in all men and counts all as his children.

People: To the "One God and Father of all, over all and through all and in all," we dedicate this House.

Choir: He is not far from every one of us,
 For in him we live and have our being.

* We print these extracts from the "Order of Exercises," as one more sign that the liberal faith is blooming into beauty. The thought-basis of the society is indicated by the following lines from its constitution, printed on the first page of the programme: "Our object,—To form a society where people without regard to theological differences may unite for mutual helpfulness, intellectual, moral and religious culture and humane work."

Minister: Let religion here be unfettered by forms, since "God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in Spirit and in Truth."

People: Not to the letter that killeth, but to the Spirit that giveth life we dedicate this House,—to the freest and fullest thought, and to the sincere service of Truth.

Choir: The Lord will be with thee, fear not;
Serve him in sincerity and truth.

Minister: Let all who gather here learn that God's great earthly name is Justice, and that his truest worship is to remove wrongs and relieve the oppressed.

People: To the holy religion of human Justice, which seeks first to "let the oppressed go free and break every yoke," we dedicate these walls.

Choir: Defend the afflicted and fatherless;
Deliver the poor and the needy.

Minister: Let all learn that His deeper name is Love,—that "every one who loveth is begotten of God," and every one "who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

People: To human Love, which "is the fulfilling of the law," and which makes every one who shares it another "Son of God" and truer "temple of God," we dedicate this House.

Choir: If we love one another, God dwelleth in us,
And his love is perfected within us.

Minister: Let this Love bring its peace and unity to all within these walls, and its charity toward all without. Let it inspire prayer and praise and sermon, and be the chief sacrament. By its baptism let children be consecrated and kept pure; by its communion let all hearts be enlarged and sanctified; by its tenderness let marriage be made holier and homes more heavenly; and from its divine promise let death learn that Love is everlasting.

People: To peace and unity among all; to warmer hearts and happier homes; to truer life on earth and trust in life eternal, we dedicate this Temple.

Choir: Trust ye in the Lord, the Eternal;
He will preserve thy soul forevermore.

All: Father, sanctify this place, that it may be to us and to our children's children the House of God and Gate of Heaven.

All join in singing:

(TUNE: *Balerna.*)

O! Thou whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea;
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

Lord, from thine inmost being send,
Within these courts to bide,
That peace whose blessing without end
Shall shine on every side.

May all the souls that worship here,
In weakness, age and youth,
Both they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened by thy truth.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.—*Adapted.*

Minister: Peace be within these walls! The Eternal Love enfold and fill and keep us and all who meet here after us, henceforth forevermore! Amen.

Question.

If love seeks thee and finds thee not—
If light in thy way loses thee—
Where on earth's fields hath God a spot,
Or on the bosom of the sea?

H. L. T.

Unitarians and Poetry.

Why do Unitarians, and especially Unitarian ministers, run so much to poetry? I am afraid the answer may smack of denominational conceit. But we will even take the risk for the sake of truth. It is because Unitarians are so much in sympathy with nature. Nature is one great book of poems. There are the epics of her seas, the odes of her rivers, the pastorals of her fields and flocks, the love-sonnets of her thousand creatures of instinct, or of reason, and the deep metaphysical plaints or ecstasies which rise out of the depths of man's heart toward God. Yes, the earth and the sky are full of beauty. And Baumgarten defined the beautiful by the significant word, *aisthanomai*, "I feel." And true poetry is the language of feeling, or of imagination, or of both. Usually both. What a mistake is the common idea that Unitarians have an *unfeeling* religion. Some Unitarians, like some others, are without feeling, without the sentimental, without imagination. But it is not of the nature of their religion to be so. The exact contrary is true. If I may so speak, God is a great poet—is the Homer of all the little singers of earth. May I say that Unitarians get very near to God; and that they, accordingly, sing. What a sweet and rich piece of sentiment is Parker's prayer to God as a Mother! Emerson's wide sweeping idea of the Deity is an epic in itself. How tender and touching is Channing's Fatherhood of God. What a natural, quiet, bubbling spring of poesy—coming from away down in the heart—is Gannett's "How Pray?" The final religion will be natural. And nature, as I've said, is poetic at every turn. As one becomes truly religious, he becomes poetical—as much as his nature will permit. Of course there are many human turnips, and some Unitarian turnips—that haven't blood enough to nourish poetic idea. But when the world shall be full of God's simple, pure, sweet, natural religion, it shall flourish poets in every household—genuine poets, though not great, perhaps. A few years ago nearly every lady of any leisure was trying to paint. I look upon this as a grand, common impulse toward nature. And it was strictly a poetic impulse. And it was full of refining and liberalizing influence. It blent little societies into a larger and finer harmony. It inspired much spiritual thought and joy. Nor has the impulse yet consumed its strength; nor will it. Such things are of nature and God. They do not die, but silently grow. So should Unitarian societies and ministers encourage the tendency to poesy, whether expressed in word or color; the tendency toward nature, the bright impulse toward God.

W. W. FELLOWS.

The Iron Bed of Procrustes.

The age of fable has bequeathed us a very suggestive bit of mythology in the story of Procrustes. Upon an iron bedstead which this notorious highwayman possessed, all the victims which fell into his hands were stretched. If they were too long for the bed their legs were cut off. If too short they were stretched. Bed and victim must be made to fit at any cost.

This myth suggests an analogy in the mental history of man. Established opinion has ever been tramping up and down the highway of thought and has stretched upon the Procrustean bed of torture the advanced thinkers of every age.

In the past men of independent thought were burned, poisoned, hung, drowned, buried alive, smothered, crucified—for attempting to enlarge or purify the world's knowledge and life. None of these things are done now. The man of ideas is merely figuratively stretched on the Procrustean bed of dogmatism. Instead of chopping off his legs his character is impugned, his heart declared hardened, his sanity impeached. Instead of stretching the thinker's limbs his ideas are tortured and twisted and bent until their original form and power is destroyed.

Time was in Christian history when the church willingly sacrificed life in the holy effort to make earth's noblest men fit the iron bed of dogma! Mother church found the good

monk Luther, an eccentric child. She tried to put him to bed and to sleep, but he refused to be silenced by such benumbing lullaby. The success of Luther's protest encouraged the human spirit. Since his time the rise and progress of rationalism and the disintegration of dogmatic theology has been a movement of steadily increasing breadth and momentum.

Organized Christianity is now ashamed of its iron bed. But no amount of sanctimonious whitewash or pious paint can efface the stains and spots upon it. Liberal and humane men in all denominations wish to put the hateful thing in the theological attic. But mark the irony of fate. Science and the purified religious consciousness of humanity insist in bringing that iron bed (the plan of which was revealed from heaven) into the clearlight of day.

It is not proposed to stretch *persons* upon this bedstead. The intelligence of the age proposes to put it to a new and more noble use. Henceforth it shall be called the Bed of Truth, and all *ideas* which will not fit it must be modified until they do. If any man chooses to tie to theories that cannot rest peacefully upon this humanized Procrustean bed he may be permitted to do so. There is no law to prevent one from believing in any amount of superstition—except the law of right thinking,—and if one will ignore that law there is little to be said. (There are asylums for such.) People may lie down on their bed of dogmatism in fancied security, but the coverings that prevent contact with the iron framework of truth are being rapidly worn out, and at no distant day contact with reality will startle the human mind into a self-conscious appreciation of the fact that it has been bound for centuries upon the Procrustean bed of delusion.

FRANK L. PHALEN.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements. The whole edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard College. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The first half of this little book appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May; the second entanglement, which is as much worse than the first as the first is worse than nothing, appears here for the first, and we wish we could say for the last, time. To say that all creation has been ransacked for improbable events and discoveries to make the entanglement in regard to Shakespearean portraits worse, is speaking mildly. And yet, from a literary point of view, the work is excellently done. There is an air of reality about it (and some other characteristics also), that remind one strongly of Hale's "Man Without a Country." Let all who are not well up in Shakespearean matters, and who have not steady memories in the way of discriminating fact and fable, carefully avoid this book, and when any one springs the question, "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" let the listener shake his head with a wise, cautious smile and say, "I think the boy lied."

Faith on the Earth and other Sermons. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. \$1.

All Mr. Chadwick's sermons are of a high order. They bear evidence of wide reading and real thinking. There is nothing somnolent about them; though it is plain that they are not suited to the average congregation. The average congregation, unless we are mistaken, would find itself too severely taxed to follow them—except possibly on occasion. The average congregation would probably prefer something nearer the plane of Talmage or Moody. It is complimentary, then, to the intellectual power of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, that for over twenty years it has heard and fed upon the strong meat of such discourses.

But they are not wanting in moral power, and they are rich in fine touches of poetic beauty, as we should expect. Whoever reads them may glean, besides the fruits of careful study and quick observation, sallies of "daring faith," felicitous sentences, a subtle humor, tender tributes, and a sure hope for the future.

Perhaps we can render no better service here than to call attention to their titles: I. *Faith on Earth*; II. *The Great Discoverer*; III. *Ethical Culture* (this was replied to by Dr. Adler); IV. *Gnostics and Agnostics*; V. *The Rational Time-view*; VI. *Progressive Orthodoxy*; (this is one of the most timely where none are out of date); VII. *Revivals of Religion*; VIII. *Positive and Negative Theology*. (These constitute the eleventh series. The twelfth series follows). I. *The Divine Sufficiency*. (This is the very striking and able sermon preached at the opening session of the National Conference of Unitarians at Saratoga, Sept. 20, 1886.) II. *The Earthquake God*; III. *Things that Remain*; IV. *The Child in the Midst*; V. *The Holy Spirit*; VI. *The Spirit of Truth*; VII. *The Good New Times*; VIII. *Henry Ward Beecher*.

Faith and Righteousness. A Memorial of Sumner Ellis, D. D., with an outline of his Life and Ministry, by Rev. C. R. Moor. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 325 pp., 12mo., gilt.

This volume will be welcomed by the many friends of Doctor Ellis, late pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church, of Chicago. There have been few nobler men than Doctor Ellis. He was sweet-spirited, generous, scholarly, and in every way manly. The volume before us contains a well written sketch of his life, and some of his best sermons. The latter show the man: They are thoughtful, fair and elegant. Doctor Ellis's style is uniformly easy and finished, and each sermon presents its subject with a completeness not often found in discourses of the same length. The topics are well chosen, and all together present in an interesting way many of the living questions of the day. Among the subjects discussed are, "The Christ consciousness," "The Fallacy of Disbelief," "Faith Confirmed by Prayer," and "Current Tendencies in Thought and Life."

The Golden City. True Catholicism. The Bible or the Creed. By B. F. Barrett. Swedenborg Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

The average New Churchman seems to find it more difficult to understand, than others, why all men do not see the truth as he sees it. In the writings of Swedenborg and those of many of his disciples, there is much that is beautiful, true and good, many interpretations of the ancient Scriptures that as far excel the literal truth they were intended to convey as sunlight exceeds starlight. But the trouble with most of us is, that all these beautiful interpretations seem to us to proceed upon a method that is absolutely false. To us it seems the only right and honest way to find in a writing just what the writer meant to put there, and nothing more. If other beautiful and true things are suggested, say them for ourselves, but do not deceive ourselves by supposing that these imaginings of our own were providentially meant as infallible truth for us.

Talks about Law. A Popular Statement of What our Law is and how it is Administered. By Edmund P. Dole. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Just the book some of us have been looking for for years, explaining all about courts, pleadings, lawyers, evidence, where our law comes from, the beginning of a lawsuit, law terms, and so forth, in a perfectly clear and popular manner. Whether the book is accurate in all respects, some better judge may say, but it answers hundreds of questions that remain unanswered in the common mind many years. Why would it not be an excellent plan to have such a book made part of a high school course? Surely it would be as valuable as arithmetic or physiology.

Philosophical Realism, by William J. Gill, Author of "Evolution and Progress," and "Analytical Processes." Boston: W. H. Bradley. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 85 cents.

This is an intelligent presentation of idealism. All that is known is the ego, and the ego is larger than the "internal." It extends to all that it thinks about. The external world is real, but is a manifestation of thought. The work is theoretic, and makes a strained and needless application of its

principles to "Christian Science." Some of the discussions are very strong and clear. The book discusses many problems of interest to the general reader, since the relations and applications of idealism are endless. It treats of pantheism, transcendentalism, design, atomism and many scientific questions, and aims to weave its explanation of all into a comprehensive system.

THE HOME.

Disciplining Another's Baby.

Dick is a "dyed in the wool" patriot, having been knit out of the reddest, the whitest and the bluest of yarn. Of course time and use have subdued the red, given tone to the white and modified the blue, still Dick is always ready to "show his colors"—a most reliable sort of fellow.

Santa Claus, his brother, looks very like many pictures you have seen of the famous individual after whom he is named—the same jolly face, the same roly-poly body and fat hands; he is always dressed in the same gay clothes, blue pants, green coat, black boots with red tops and yellow necktie. He, too, is remarkable for his reliability, devotion and soft, easy manner, makes a comfortable pillow, a good cushion, will cover a hole in a basket or act as a screen for a venturesome mouse caught out in daylight.

They both belong to the sweetest, busiest little daffy-down-dilly of a three years old boy you ever saw, who goes dancing about the house, the garden, the lawn, like the little sunbeam he is, with his heart full of love and tenderness and his head full of immature, uncultivated wisdom, which is sometimes almost as dangerous to peace and comfort as unripe fruit from the orchard. He does a deal of thinking in his way, some of it very wise and some of it very *other-wise*. No man "on 'Change" is busier than he, few brains work more steadily, few feet take more steps during the waking hours, few persons go to bed more reluctantly, or rise in the morning with more alacrity, than our little hero. There are no idle moments with him. What his hands find to do he does with all his might, and as soon as one task is fairly finished he is at the next. No "waiting for a job." He finds constant employment. His one misfortune is that his well meant endeavors are not always appreciated, but he rarely wastes time in brooding over his trials and the ingratitude which often awaits genius and generosity. He really hasn't time to worry over his worries, and so they just vanish into thin air like so many soap-bubbles. But when grief does overtake him he makes a business of it, for he never *half* does anything; still he doesn't hold on to it, hug, nor court it, and gets away from it with all possible speed; indeed, so successful is he in this respect that often joy follows grief so closely that laughter chases away tears like an April shower before the spring sun. There is no end of lessons of wisdom to be learned from this little teacher. He is a regular professor in the family. Of course his two children, Dick and Santa Claus are model dollies, and he is very devoted to them, takes them out airing daily if his multifarious duties permit, though sometimes the pressure of work so absorbs him that he forgets to bring them in; however, this discipline has inured them to all sorts of weather, and they don't mind a night in the dew, frost or rain, in fact will endure a snow storm with perfect equanimity and come out of it—Santa Claus as smilingly and Dick as patriotically as they went into it. If they fall from a chamber window they are picked up quite unhurt, a tumble down stairs and no damage done. You can pick them out of the slop jar, wring them out, and to the eyes of the "Prof." they are, if possible, more attractive than ever when taken down dry from their hospital over the kitchen stove. In fact there never were two more perfect children's children than Santa Claus and Dick; they are indeed "a joy forever," giving no anxiety, no heart aches, nor trouble of any kind. With such an admirably disciplined family it is quite incomprehensible to the professor the anxiety and care his sisters bestow on their Parisian children, who are tenderly washed, hands, face and

feet, but no royal bath tub business about, and when taken out airing are carefully returned to their nicely cushioned chairs or snugly tucked in their little cribs. All this is detrimental to their growth and maturity, for as soon as they lie down their eyes close, while Santa Claus and Dick are always open-eyed and live amid the bustle of active life, and learn to conform to circumstances.

One morning as the professor, with Santa Claus, Dick, his little knife and a number of other treasures stowed away in his doll carriage, was going out with his friend Alice and her family, he spied his sister Pansy's beautiful bisque doll reposing on its little bed. At once his heart was touched by its loneliness and want of proper exposure, companionship and discipline, and he determined to give her an airing too; so he stowed the fair Elaine, who had hitherto known only the gentlest of handling, the smoothest of silk and softest of fur, in among his treasures between Santa Claus and Dick. All went well for a time as they trundled the carriages up and down the walk, but after a time the professor wanted his knife from the bottom of the carriage, tossing Santa Claus and then Dick out on the walk, as was his wont, where they lay quietly—Santa Claus all smiles, Dick all patriotism as usual—then Elaine, who no sooner struck the pavement than she flew into an infinite number of little pieces. The professor was never more amazed in his life. For a few minutes he could only stand and stare, then gathering up the pieces he started to the house with a growing indignation at Elaine's conduct. What could possess her to behave so was beyond his comprehension. Carrying the pieces to his mother he exclaimed with no small vexation in his voice,

"Des see what s'e did! Bokted hersef all to pieces!!"

"But it was you who broke her, my dear."

"No, I din not, s'e bokted hersef. I din not do it," said the professor, decidedly.

"Mamma, I shouldn't wonder if Alice did it. You know he never denies anything he has really done," interposed his usual apologist.

"No, Alice din not do it. Alice din not touch her. S'e des din it hersef," stoutly maintained the professor, and rushing off he brought in Santa Claus, Dick and the carriage; throwing out the dolls he exclaimed,

"Nats 'e way. I fr'oad out Santa C'aus and he 'haved hesef. I froed out Dick an' he 'haved hesef, nen I froed out Elaine an' se' des bokted hersef all up. I nezer, nezer saw sut' a naughty dolly, nezer!!"

"But," said mamma, "when you threw Elaine down you broke her, my dear."

"No, I din not bokt her, s'e bokt hersef. I froed her down so," throwing down the smiling Santa Claus, "and he don't bokt;" then throwing down the patriotic Dick to still further demonstrate the fact, "'an he don't bokt, but s'e dest bokted *all up*, taus s'e was naughty," solemnly reiterated the "Prof." Now, mamma found that there was no more use of wasting words on this little map than Wordsworth did on his little maid, one of seven. He demonstrated over and over that good dolls could be thrown down with impunity. He had always thrown Santa Claus and Dick down anywhere, and they were good dolls and came up all right. He only threw Elaine down once and she "bokted hersef all up 'cause s'e was so naughty." That was all there was about it.

Oh, mothers! how many of us are much wiser than the little professor? We try the same treatment on a whole brood of children irrespective of native differences, and are as surprised as he at the result. We give advice freely where we had better have held our peace. We criticise where we should have reverently inquired. We use our moral and spiritual pruning knives where we should have used props. We endeavor to inure the child to hardship where we should have protected, and if by some fortunate combination of circumstances we are apparently successful, how we hug our theories and point with pride to the result of *our* method, and lose patience with the lack of wisdom that dares not follow our course. Let us learn with Rousseau that "the training of children is an occupation where we must know how to lose time in order to gain it."

S. C. L. J.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—A meeting of the Directors of the W. W. U. C. was held Thursday, June 2d, at the Unitarian headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, Mrs. West in the chair, and all the local directors present, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Marean, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Brown, Miss Roberts, Miss Hilton. The reports of secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. It was heartily agreed that the leading and special work of the Conference should be as heretofore the Post-office Mission work, for which over five hundred dollars (\$500) was spent last year. But this is not enough. In order adequately to meet the demands for tracts and denominational literature, more money is needed.

In what new channels should the energies of the Conference be directed?

After various suggestions and discussions it was decided that a beginning at least might be made to help in the following three causes: That of temperance; home missionary work as represented by Mr. Bond's industrial and mission school in the Crow Creek Indian Reservation, Montana, and foreign missionary work, the need for which has been brought to our knowledge by the Hindu Pundita Ramabai, now pleading so earnestly in this country for help to establish schools for intellectual and industrial training among the women of India. To reach those ends it was moved by Mrs. Marean that Mrs. West appoint chairmen of three committees to represent the three interests indicated, each chairman to fill out her committee from such members of the Conference as she may choose, or who may avow an interest in any of the three lines of work. This motion was seconded and passed.

Mrs. West appointed: Mrs. Jones, chairman of committee on temperance.

Mrs. Marean, chairman of foreign missionary work.

Mrs. Dow, chairman of home missionary work. Mrs. Dow offered to correspond at once with Mr. Bond and see what help was needed most.

Cheering and suggestive letters were read from Mrs. Richardson, Princeton, and Miss Le Baron, of Elgin. From Mrs. Learned, St. Louis; Mrs. Savage, Cooksville, Wis.; Miss Gould, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Gale, Cleveland, Ohio, greetings were also received, but by accident did not reach the secretary in time for the meeting. It was proposed that subscriptions to our periodicals be increased, and a motion made that any person who should be willing to forward the *Register* or *UNITY* send his or her name to the secretary. It was voted that the secretary order one hundred tracts of Mr. Sunderland's, "What do Unitarians Believe," as needed in the P. O. mission work, and

that she be permitted to use her judgment in the future in purchasing such tracts as seem necessary. It was voted that the secretary be sent to the State Conference at Buda, June 16th. The meeting then adjourned.

FLORENCE HILTON, Sec'y.

Philadelphia.—Sidney H. Morse recently spoke informally about Emerson before a section meeting of the Ethical Culture Society. He has completed a fine bust of Emerson, which was exhibited on the occasion.

—The Spring Garden Society will have no evening meetings during the summer. The Germantown and First societies will, no doubt, stop their meetings altogether.

—The final assembling this season of the Unity Ethical Association in Camden will be devoted to Emerson. With an essay and readings, it is believed the occasion will be happy in its effects.

—Morse's figure of Whitman is about completed in the sketch. It is a very satisfactory thing, and there seems to be a general feeling that it should be thrown up large into a public memorial.

—Dr. Furness will spend his summer in some New Jersey retreat, probably with his son, Horace Howard.

—Clifford will be in New England during July and August.

—Weston is to summer in the Adirondacks.

—The report of the Seybert Commission, which has been investigating Spiritualism, and is made up of a number of scientific and literary experts, is decidedly dampening to those who may have hoped for favorable results. The studies will still go on in accordance with Mr. Seybert's bequest. It proceeds under the supervision of the university.

—The Ethical Culture Society has had an ending of its school season till fall. There will be none but section meetings of the society through the summer.

—Mr. Clifford's spoken tribute to Hannah Stevenson was one of those nobly poetic and humanizing memorials which shame the best things we can put into stone and bronze.

H. L. T.

Boston Notes.—The closing exercises of our public and private industrial schools give great satisfaction to all who are watching our changing city charities. "Not alms, but opportunity for self-help," is to-day the approved motto in philanthropy. Annually our Normal Kindergarten graduates twelve well-equipped teachers, and all of them are directly needed in the growing demand in New England and elsewhere for kindergartens.

—So much summer correspondence and maturing of plans are projected by our church organizations that much good work for next autumn and winter seems to "cast its shadow before." Not the least advantage gained by the numerous conferences and class meetings of the past winter is the courage to stand up more confidently to new church work.

—Summer visitors to our city from the west and the south will be cordially welcomed at our A. U. A. building, and to the use of all its conveniences and appliances. Some courteous officers or ministers, or other ladies and gentlemen, are always in attendance to receive or to give interesting information.

—The ministers' circulating library attached to the book room is a decided success.

Last Sunday's Happenings.—Mr. Milsted preached his last sermon before vacation and started immediately for Europe. Miss Murdock preached for Mr. Hosmer at Cleveland, Mr. Hosmer preaching at Meadville. Mr. Jones spoke in the evening at Kenosha. This is the last of a series of four sermons recently given in this church by Messrs Simmons, Gannett and Jones. This parish is not too dead to contain a good many warm hearts, active brains and ready hands. Mr. Blake and Mr. West exchanged. Mr. Effinger preached in Buda; Mr. Gannett at Hobart, Indiana. Pastor and people of All Souls church rejoiced in welcoming back from the east Mrs. E. T. Wilkes. She occupied the platform with the

pastor, took part in the services and made a telling address at the close of the sermon.

Kansas City.—The fact that a number of our older societies did not send delegates to Chicago does not suggest to some of us out here as ominous a failure of the Western Conference as seems to disturb the vision of some. Kansas City will serve as an example. Within a week after the Cincinnati meeting a few of our good but frightened ones called a meeting to take action regretting the harm they supposed had been done at Cincinnati. Twelve persons were present. Two were not members, and two others spoke and voted against allowing our peace to be disturbed by any action in the matter; this left eight to vote for the agitators. We are about 100 strong, and shall be found with the Conference if permitted.

Yours in Unity,

S. D. BOWKER.

Meadville.—We go to press before receiving any particulars of the Anniversary of the Meadville Theological School. But the programme shows hymns by Emma Endicott Marean, Mr. Mott, one of the graduating class, and Mrs. E. L. Douthit. Prayer was offered by Rev. William L. Chaffin, and the following essays were given by the graduating class: "Enthusiasm in the Ministry," by Henry Harrison Brown, Saratoga, N. Y.; "The Church and the Children," by Albert Wilgus, Dayton, Ind.; "English Unitarian Leaders," by Frederick Blount Mott, Leicester, Eng. Miss Murdock also read a paper and received the degree of B. D.

Tuskegee, Alabama.—The Southern letter published by the Normal School for colored teachers at this place for June contains an account of the anniversary exercises. Among the industrial exhibits were a cart, a wagon, the products of a saw-mill, home-grown honey, and a boys' hall in process of erection, the bricks for which have been made and are being laid by the students. Over 3,000 people were present at the anniversary exercises. Seventeen students graduated. This is work in which our readers ought to be interested.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TREASURER'S REPORT OF THE WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

MAY 17, 1887, TO DATE.

By cash in hand, May 17.....	\$ 3.32
" Society at Buda, Ills.....	5.00
" Unity Church, St. Louis, Mo.....	6.00
" Mrs. Wm. C. Dow, Chicago, Ills.....	5.00
" Miss Helen Gale, Oak Park, Ills.....	1.00
" Miss M. A. French, Kenosha, Wis.....	
Post-office Mission.....	5.00

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Annual memberships.....

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To Unity Mission and Short Tracts. \$	3.60
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Secretary's salary.....	16.66
Postage for Secretary.....	3.00
Stationery and Postage for Treasurer.....	2.00

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Personal contributions from April 4 to May 17, 1887. (Included in Annual Report.)

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Mrs. W. H. Metcalf, Milwaukee, Wis. 10.00
Mrs. E. M. Latimer, Princeton, Ills. 1.00
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A most interesting description of Boston, the Modern Athens, is published by the United States Hotel Company of that city, also a book of Maps comprising the city proper, the Harbor and the suburbs; all sent for ten cents in stamps.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Books sent to UNITY for review by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. In giving further notice the editors will be guided by the interests of their readers. Any book in print will be mailed on receipt of publishers' price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Primary Fridays. Original and Selected Recitations for the Little Ones. No. 3. Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Co. Paper, pp. 80. \$.25
The Cremation of the Dead. By Hugo Erichsen, M. D. Detroit: D. O. Haynes & Co. Cloth, pp. 264. 2.00
The Phillips Exeter Lectures. Lectures Delivered before the Students of Phillips Exeter Academy 1885-1886. By Presidents McCosh, Walker, Bartlett, Robinson, Porter and Carter, and Rev. Drs. Hale and Brooks. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 208. 1.50
School Songs. Consisting of New and Pretty Melodies for Primary Schools. No. 1. By H. W. Fairbank. Chicago and Boston: The Interstate Publishing Company. Cloth, pp. 32. .13
The Appeal To Life. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Cloth, pp. 339. 1.50
For Boys. A Special Physiology. By Mrs. E. R. Shepherd. Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Company. Cloth, pp. 291. 2.00
Robert Browning's Poetic and Dramatic Works. Riverside Edition, Vol. V. Red-Cotton, Night-Cap Country, etc. Octavo, cloth, pp. 394. 1.75
Vol. VI. Agamemnon, Dramatic Idylls, Parleyings, etc. Cloth, octavo, pp. 395. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1.75
Life and Times of Jesus. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Cloth, pp. 448. 1.50
Thoughts for a Young Man. By Horace Mann. Cloth, pp. 89. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 50
Drones' Honey. By Sophie May. Cloth, pp. 81. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1.50
The Obelisk and its Voices. By Henry B. Carrington, U. S. A. Paper, pp. 45. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 50

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